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HATT & COMPANY

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Substitutes for Coffee

To show how different men's minds naturally run in different channels on slight suggestions, we will repeat an amusing conversation we once heard between an Episcopal preacher and a bon vivant. On the question asked of the

Rev. D.—"was the guest of a wealthy planter who had an elegant residence about two and a half miles south of South Florence, and who was notoriously hospitable in that hospitable section of people. I have drunk the best of wines and liquors in his cellar, and never failed to say "here goes it." It was in the early part of the great war, when the scarcity of coffee had put the people to trying various substitutes.

Mr. J.—(stirring his coffee,) "I see, Mr. J., people are now drinking a good deal of rye."

Mr. J.—"Yes, sir, rye is very good. I much prefer it to corn."

Rev. D.—"Neither do I like the flavor of corn. I've tried that."

Mr. J.—"Corn does very well if it is old."

Rev. D.—"Ah! does that make a difference?"

Mr. J.—"Why, yes; indeed, it is not fit to drink under three years old. I have taken quite a fancy of late for apple."

Rev. D.—"Apple? why I never heard that it was made from apple, but I am told that the potato makes a rich and palatable drink."

Mr. J.—"Ah! I never heard of that. It must be Irish, I think I must try some. But after all there is nothing like good peach sweetened with a little honey."

Rev. D.—"With honey? why, that is reasonable. While I am with you, if it is not too much trouble to have it prepared, I would like to taste it."

Mr. J.—"Oh, no trouble at all. Wash,

bring the peach and honey." The decanters were brought, when it was discovered that each party had his mouth set for an entirely different beverage, but mutual understanding was reached, and Mr. J. tried the peach, while the parson stuck to the Brazilian berry.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— Missouri last year raised 40,000,000 pounds of tobacco.

— Next to a diary, the most difficult thing to keep is a cedar pencil.

— It is notorious that a duck of a lover invariably becomes a goose of a husband.

— The financial pressure is loosening. Even the days are not so "short" as they were.

— The Louisiana orange crop last year was worth about \$200,000 on the tree.

— Flowers are too beautiful to be loaded down with scientific botanical names.

— Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and that is the reason the washing is done the day after Easter.

— Slavery is diminishing every year in Brazil. By the law of 1871, all the children of negroes are born free.

— Mr. Jefferson Davis is about to occupy a house in Beaufort, South Carolina City, there to write the reminiscences of his public career.

— An editor's excuse for discontinuing the publication of his paper was, that every day he clamped the paper, and he thought he would.

— A probabilities: "When you see a man going home at 2 o'clock in the morning, and know his wife is waiting for him, he is likely to be surly."

— If you are spoiling for a row, just ask a girl, who has gotten a few years up in the twenties, if she don't think the winter is colder than that of 1835.

— The New York grand jury has made out an indictment against the officers of

The Security Life Insurance Company, for affixing their names to false statements.

—The *Pottsville Press* has just paid one dollar to settle a \$10,000 libel suit, and the *Rochester Democrat* says that "considering the hard times it was too much."

— "Ma," said a little fellow yesterday, while looking at a picture of Cupid in a valentine, "I should think that little angel would rather have some clothes than those dunks and a bow and arrow."

— "You can't like dem gosses, nohow," said one wary fellow, "but you can steal a sheep or a hog, and you'll nebbber hear 'em squall, but dem gosses gosses bah any way you fix 'em. Niggers better leave 'em lone."

— "Handies and goss-ems!" said an Irish man, with an air of defiance, "there, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow night."

A Rhode Island man has written a lecture entitled "Whom Shall I Marry?" It is a fine work, but, so far as we are able to see, holds to the old opinion that, after all, there is nothing better than a woman for a man to marry.

The commercial editor is a man who is supposed to be full of humor. In his remarks, and yet once in while we find in his column that "whisky is strong and in great demand"; or, again, that it is "dull with a downward tendency."

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted the *Chicago Tribune* in its humor, the other day. "Yes," replied she in winning tone, as she held out her hand. "For instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife."

"You are a first class in grammar stand up!" said the same lady, "and you are a bad boy—who does John correspond with?" "I know," said a little boy at the foot, holding up his hand, "if you

"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in this sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat knitting. "No, my dear, why is it?" "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young gentleman, and then he began his astronomical search and grandma her knitting.

— A prominent Connecticut writer is noted for neglect in his personal appearance. The night before Christmas a gentleman spoke to a friend of making the acquaintance present. "I want to get something that will make me look like a gentleman," "In that case I would suggest a cake of soap," remarked the friend.

— Buxton said: The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—lies in the kind of determination—a purpose, once fixed, and then, death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

Happiness and prosperity depend to a very great extent upon good health: All those afflicted with Rheumatic Gout, or Cough, should try Dr. Bull's Cough